

## OUR MAN OF STYLE

English Styles in Fall Under-  
wear Show Changes.

## COATS IN CHECKED CLOTH

The Richly Quilted Garment No Longer  
Style—Dress Shirts are Warm  
Plain—Other Things.English styles prevail this fall in  
fashionable underwear, and the haberdashers of Gotham have been tumbling  
over each other in their efforts to pre-  
sent the first and the finest of the for-

NEW STYLE IN BATH ROBES.

elign fabrics. Some of the prettiest  
fabrics I saw were in house coats, which  
have undergone a decided change in the  
past year or two. Formerly house coats  
were made of plain cloth, richly quilted  
with satin to match, and collar, lapels  
and cuffs were quilted similarly. This  
year the English garment, made of an  
endless variety of checked cloth, and  
not lined, has taken the place of the old  
house coat. There is reason in the  
change. The man of fashion feels more  
at ease in it. He does not feel dressed  
up, and yet is sufficiently in good form  
to receive an evening call of intimate  
friends. There is a disposition this fall  
to make some further changes, and I  
saw very pretty effects in plain shades  
of drabs, grays, slate, light and dark  
brown. One of the leading haberdash-  
ers here is showing a house jacket made  
double-breasted, either to button or  
with three frogs. They fit snugly and  
are very comfortable.

The English styles in smoking jack-  
ets and dressing gowns are of soft wool  
in checks, plaids and plain shades and  
not quilted. Of course, there are still  
many of the satin-faced, silk-faced and  
quilted garments sold.

But the man of fashion is on the  
look-out for fall and winter underwear,  
and if you had been with me the other  
day as the others streamed into a fash-  
ionable haberdashery, you would have  
been amazed in the first place at some  
of the prices paid and in the second  
place at the plainness of the styles.

"Here are this morning's orders," said  
the suave manager, "and the signatures,  
if put to checks, could easily represent  
many millions. One of the Vanderbilts  
has ordered three pajama suits of sal-  
mon silk, made plain with initials em-  
broidered in the blouse pocket. He  
pays forty-two dollars for each suit,  
and they are cheap at that."

But ribbed underwear seems to be  
in style again, and as it takes the figure  
perfectly it is in great favor. The  
sleeves and legs are made in a very ac-  
commodating fashion; that is to say,  
they can be cut off so as to allow of  
their being adjusted to any desired  
length of limb. But look out for the  
ribbed goods when they are green out  
to be lauded. Directions must be fol-  
lowed, for the average laundress is no  
responder of line wares. Be careful  
on this point. The union suit of under-  
wear all in one piece is gaining a little  
in favor, but there are too many buttons  
to adjust to suit the average man of  
fashion, and so he clings to his double  
pieces or to the pajamas. Then a pretty  
novelty is the adjustable flannel  
sleeve. Many of the new style under-



UNION UNDERWEAR AND PAJAMAS.

garments are made practically sleeve-  
less, and the separate sleeve comes  
in handy during a slight illness or in  
very cool weather.

Dress shirts are worn plain, or, if em-  
bellished at all, with a very narrow  
vine down the front. And, by the way,  
if you really want to be in style, buy  
your collars when you buy your  
shirts, or, in other words, see that  
they are in one piece. That is the style,  
and a very good fashion it is.

The English fashion in collars and  
cuffs for the fall shows little change.  
The collars are a menace to the stout  
man and a boon to the man of fashion  
with the slender neck. He can wear  
them straightway or in Piquetilly style.  
The cuffs are out square and for links  
in cuff buttons.

I noticed some magnificent bath robes  
in the new styles, made of a new kind  
of Russian toweling, as soft as fur, and as  
warm as wool and as light as down. It  
is the ideal robe. Of course the richer  
ones are still in style. The cotton  
lined looks as pretty as ever, and is in  
all styles and patterns. I understand  
that an order received from a fashion-  
able family this week embraced eighteen  
of the finest of these gowns at a cost of  
three hundred dollars.

Many a man of fashion abhors silk  
underwear and can't wear the silk  
stocking garment. For him the style is  
the silk shade underwear. This is the  
closest possible imitation of silk and is  
made of the worsted yarn. The gar-

ments sell for three dollars apiece, and  
so are fairly good.

For the particular man there are  
elastic seam drawers. These are made  
with an elastic invention at the inner  
and outer seams, making the garment  
comfortable and comfortable to the  
figure. The dress of these are made of  
annel, silk and linen, and in light and  
heavy grades.

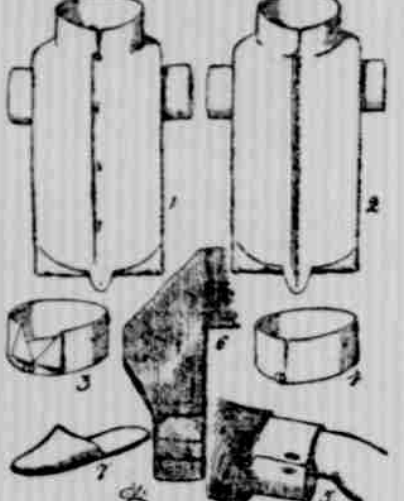
There is a new style out that is in-  
tended to down the suspender. It is a  
silk strap that is fitted into the rear of  
the trousers band. Haberdashers have  
it for sale, but the suspender still holds  
its own, and the silk band looks to me  
like a failure.

Full dress gloves from both French  
and English managers are on the pearl  
gray order. The heavy black embroidery,  
once so conspicuous, is no longer  
worn. The gloves are no longer  
careful for in evening gloves. The "gant  
de luxe," with its ventilated fingers,  
will probably be worn again this season  
at "crushes" and balls.

But what hurts the poor man of fash-  
ion most of all this year is the fact that  
his last year's magnificently embroid-  
ered pique shirts must go to the credit  
of profit and loss. They are, as I said  
before, entirely out of style, and if you  
will have an embroidered dress shirt, be  
sure and have the vine as narrow and  
inconspicuous as possible.

I was asked recently if the man of  
fashion buys his underwear ready made.  
No, indeed. He is as particular in his  
orders for these garments as in those  
for outer wear. His measure is taken  
with the same care, and he insists on  
an absolute fit.

Crichton Webb, the Cuttings, Lis-  
penard Stewart, Louis P. Onativita and  
that class of fashionable men pay as

THE LATEST IN DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS  
AND CUFFS. THE ADJUSTABLE SLEEVE.

high as three and four hundred dollars  
for a season's undergarments.

## HOW DAHOMEYANS FIGHT.

They Cut New Roads Through the Jun-  
gles and Attack the Enemy Unawares.

The French have a large naval and  
military force on the coast and in Da-  
homey. At Whydah there was a Portu-  
guese fort which a few months ago was  
evacuated. Col. Dodds, the French com-  
mander, when a recent blockade  
was ordered, gave the Europeans at  
Whydah time to leave. The Germans  
alone declined to go. The Germans  
are in especial favor at Whydah, be-  
cause through them King Behanzin has  
been able to receive arms and ammuni-  
tion. One of the German agents, Herr  
Richter, got into the good graces of the  
king and was invested with a high  
function. Herr Richter is an old artiller-  
y officer, and gave instruction in ar-  
tillery to the Dahomeyans. He also  
drilled the natives in other respects and  
taught them how to shoot. The method  
of warfare followed by the Dahomeyans  
is one that does not promise well for  
their annihilation. It is the custom of  
their army to never follow the roads or  
beaten tracks. They cut a new road  
with incredible swiftness through the  
forests and jungles and swoop down on  
an enemy when it is least expected.  
They are thoroughly acquainted with  
the jungle and a pursuit of them would  
be an almost hopeless task. To conduct  
a guerrilla warfare of this character  
would be productive of great loss of  
life not alone from the enemy, but from  
fever and malarial diseases. Those  
acquainted with the Dahomeyans and  
the country and who are not carried  
away by the idea of an African cam-  
paign know that to completely subdue  
Dahomey will be an expensive under-  
taking, both in life and money.—Chic-  
ago News.

## STORY OF A THIEF.

In the lower strata of every trade or  
profession one is continually meeting  
with men who ought to be at the top.  
And at the top, where I live, I am con-  
tinually meeting men who ought to be  
at the bottom. After opening this little  
chestnut from the tree of philosophy I  
shall proceed to tell the story of a sneak  
thief who, if talent for his profession  
determined one's standing in it, would  
probably be a publisher.

This is a true story, for I cannot lie in  
hot weather. The reason for this  
ethical phenomenon is that during the  
heated term I am living in a booming  
suburb, and conversation with the man  
who is booming it has discouraged me.  
I will not try to lie again until after he  
has been lynched. But as to the other  
chief, I got the story of his little deal  
from a newspaper paragraph. The man  
who wrote the paragraph took his



VIRTUE LOOKS FOR ITS REWARD.

Information from the police. I have  
mine direct from the thief, and it is  
much more reliable.

All the best thieves come to New  
York, and those who do not go into poli-  
tics are sometimes forced to work for  
their living. The man of whom I am  
speaking spent more brain tissue for  
nineteen dollars than was required to  
steal Hudson county, N. J., the last  
time I observed an election over there.  
In the first place, I have often won-  
dered how a thief detects plunder. Is it  
luck or good judgment? I cannot  
say, but I know their keen discernment  
from experience. In the winter of  
'84-'85, I was in Chicago, and whereas  
every other man in my hotel was held up  
and relieved of his money I was never  
molested. How did the thieves know  
that my only coin was a counterfeit?

Canadian ten-cent piece with a hole in  
it? And when I did get the little cash they  
absorbed it the very first night I ven-  
tured out of doors. It was only about  
forty dollars, but it would have bought  
me a railroad ticket to some other  
place, and that could a millionaire  
with his entire fortune have procured  
more likely to give satisfaction to a  
Christian?

But to return to my New York thief.  
He was strolling through one of the  
cross streets, off Fifth avenue, wonder-  
ing how it would seem to rent one of  
those houses and become himself the  
victim of robbery by his landlord. To  
all of us there comes that desire to see  
the other side of the game. We are  
tired of playing one part. However,  
circumstances brought our thief back  
to his own role. He saw on one of the  
stoops a small pine box. It did not ap-  
pear to have any special value, or why  
should it be left unguarded? But, with  
the instinct of a philosopher, he left  
that question for the person most likely  
to answer it—namely the owner. He  
took the box and fled.

When he reached his humble lodgings  
he quickly made an examination of the  
prize. Inside the pine box was a casket  
of dark wood, empty. The thing looked  
as if it was worth about two dollars,  
and our thief was on the point  
of crying out against Providence  
when it occurred to him that  
possibly the casket might have some  
special value to the owner. So he  
read the "Lost and Found" columns of  
the papers next morning and was re-  
warded by seeing the advertisement of  
Dr. Edward Newell, who offered a re-  
ward of ten dollars for the return of  
the casket; assured the person who had  
taken it that it was of no value, and  
promised to ask no questions of him  
who returned it, nor even to feel his  
pulse.

Upon reading this notice the thief im-  
mediately took the casket to a pawn-  
broker whose liberality would not carry



THE CABINET DISAPPEARS.

him higher than fifty cents. Having  
thus satisfied himself that Dr. Newell  
spoke the truth the thief set out for his  
house in order to claim the re-  
ward. He felt in his soul that he was  
entitled to it. He had done ten dol-  
lars' worth of work in carrying the  
casket about the streets. Most of us  
can convince ourselves just as easily  
that everything we get is our honest  
due, and everything we give up is a  
tribute to brigands.

On the way to Dr. Newell's house the  
thief happened to pass a little shop  
kept by a man whose sign showed his  
business to be that of a cabinet maker.  
He advertised to mend or to purchase  
just such articles as the thief had under  
his arm. He entered the shop immedi-  
ately and displayed the casket. The  
cabinet maker nearly jumped out of his  
skin at the sight of it, and the thief was  
preparing to value it at two hundred  
dollars when the other's emotions found  
vent in words: "Dot vos Dr. Newell's  
box. Vere vas you got it?"

Well the jig appeared to be up. An  
ordinary, out-of-town thief would prob-  
ably have dropped the box and engaged  
in a foot race with the honest cabinet  
maker. Not so with the calm, intelli-  
gent and cultivated New York thief.  
He always has the air of an innocent  
man, even when you meet him in Sing  
Sing.

"I am aware," said the thief, "that  
this box belongs to Dr. Newell, and I  
was on my way to his house to return  
it. I saw it stolen from his stoop yester-  
day, and I pursued the thief until he  
dropped his plunder."

"I was in der house," said the cabinet  
maker. "I was to bring der box here to  
mend him, and I set him on der step till  
I vent back and he was gone. He said  
he would gif twenty tollar to get him  
back."

"He has offered that reward this  
morning in the papers," said the thief,  
calmly doubling the amount. "And it  
was fortunate that I brought the box  
here, for you can return it without sus-  
picion and claim the reward; whereas,  
if I went there, a perfect stranger, as  
persons might be cast upon my charac-  
ter. Pay me ten dollars for my share  
and you may have the remainder of the  
twenty."

The honest cabinet maker scented a  
good trade. "I gif you seven tollar,"  
said he.

"I will take nine," replied the thief  
in a tone of decision; and he got it.

Did he go away satisfied with this  
bargain? The New York thief—and  
we're all in the same boat—never is  
anything. We always attempt to col-  
lect tolls on both ends of the turnpike.  
We want something for nothing. This  
transaction which I am recording is  
strictly business with us, and I should  
advise all young men who are thinking  
of coming to the metropolis to read it—  
and then stay at home.

The thief went straight to the elegant  
residence of Dr. Newell. The doctor  
had just prescribed something for a  
Wall street man which would keep him  
from going crazy during that day, but  
would make him much worse when he  
finally did go; and having collected a  
large fee and a tip on the market was  
ready for any other business that might  
come before him. To him was ushered  
in the thief.

It happens that the collection of little  
old boxes, jewel cases, etc., is the doc-  
tor's hobby. He is a hard man to beat  
on any other task, but here he is easy.  
We all have leads in our pockets some-  
where, and the successful business man  
is the fellow who finds the most of them.

"Dr. Newell," said the thief, "it  
grieves me to think of a fellow crea-  
ture, but I must do my duty. I am  
a dealer in curious cabinets, caskets,  
etc. This morning I was approached  
by a man who offered me—

"A little black jewel box," the doctor  
broke in. "From Egypt I am sure,  
though a man who knew nothing of the  
subject might think it of no value."

"The same," said the thief, "and I at  
once recognized it as the one mentioned  
in your advertisement this morning."

"Tell me where to find it," said the  
doctor, producing a ten-dollar note,  
and the reward is yours."

The thief took the bill with a man-  
ner so graceful and easy that the doctor  
forgot to hang on to it.

"Come with me, doctor," said he, "and  
I will show you where the miscreant  
lives. He has a little shop at No.—  
Sixth avenue."

"What?" exclaimed the doctor. "The  
very man whom I— Well, wait till I  
get hold of him! Come along, my friend,  
and see justice undisturbed by mercy."

They proceeded to the shop of the



THE DOCTOR SLUGS THE WRONG MAN.

honest cabinet maker, who was just  
wrapping up the box, preparatory to  
taking it to the doctor's. He was totally  
unprepared for the violent assault  
which the doctor made upon his person  
and his character simultaneously.

And when it was all over they looked  
around for the quiet gentleman who  
had been at the bottom of it, but he  
was not there. He was walking down  
a quiet street, a mile or two away,  
smoking a good cigar.

HOWARD FIELDING.

## Confusion of Dates.

A correspondent of the Boston Tran-  
script says that he knew schoolboys—in  
Boston schools, too—who seemed  
bound to grow up with the impression  
that Gen. Warren stopped all proceed-  
ing, just before the battle of Runkle  
Hill, to stir up the patriotic ardor of  
the soldiers by declaiming to them  
three stanzas of grandiloquent poetry.  
All this, the correspondent says, was  
chargeable to the fact that the teacher  
was too indifferent or too thoughtless  
to tell his pupils that the stanzas in  
question, in Pierpont's "National Rea-  
der," were written for Gen. Warren fifty  
years after he was killed, and by John  
Pierpont himself. The correspondent  
is moved to this reminiscence by some-  
thing seen lately in an "ambitious pe-  
riodical gotten up by the students of a  
high school not a hundred miles from  
Boston, and in fact not much nearer  
than that." In that periodical the  
familiar quotation about "government  
for the people, by the people, for the  
people," is said to have been "uttered  
by President Lincoln in his exhortation  
to the union army, as it was about to  
enter upon the battle of Gettysburg!"

## A Great Calculator.

Prof. Truman Henry Safford, of Wil-  
liams college, is one of the most  
remarkable lightning calculators now  
living. One day, a gentleman who  
had heard of his powers, and  
wished to make a test, said to  
him: "I have a little problem for you,  
Prof. Safford. I was born August 15,  
1852, at three o'clock in the afternoon.  
This is June 20, 1888, and it is just three  
o'clock. Now, can you tell me my age  
in seconds?" The great man frowned,  
bent his head, and began to walk rap-  
idly up and down, twisting his mustache  
and clasping and unclasping his hands  
in his nervous way. After a moment  
or so he returned the answer, which  
was somewhere in the billions. The  
gentleman produced a paper containing  
the problem worked out, and said, with  
a superior smile: "Well, professor, I'll  
give you the credit for great genius,  
but you're several thousand out." The  
professor stretched out his hand for the  
paper, and, running over the calcula-  
tion, said, contemptuously: "Humph!  
You've left out the leap years."—Golden  
Days.

## State's Evidence.

Several hen-coops had been robbed  
and three or four colored citizens had  
been suspected, but only one, an old  
white-haired chap, had been arrested  
and he was put on trial.

"Jedge, yo' honor," he said, when he  
was stood up, "in de case befo' dish yer  
co't, of I turns state's evidence does I  
git free?"

The judge was anxious to get the  
whole combination and consented to  
this proposition.

"Gemmens," said the old dorky, turn-  
ing to the members of the bar, police  
officers and others, "you rekember dat  
I gits free of I turns evidence for de state."

"That's all right," said the judge,  
"tell the court who stole the chickens."

"Me, jedge, yo' honor," confessed the  
old fellow; "nobody but jes me. I done  
done hit, jedge, yo' honor, an' I'se done  
swor' off an' won't do so no mo', deed I  
won't, jedge, yo' honor."—Detroit Free  
Press.

## Warlike Martins.

A Farmington (Me.) man tells a good  
story of the sagacity of the purple mar-  
tins which abound in that vicinity. He  
owns fifty of these social birds in the  
house upon his grounds. A day or two  
ago, while the birds were flying about  
the garden, a cat caught one and started  
off with it in her mouth, the bird crying  
piteously. Quick as a flash, however,  
the whole flock of martins were after  
pussy, alighting on her back, pecking  
and scratching her, and screaming as  
only martins can. Pussy could not stand  
this very long, and she dropped the  
martin. Then the birds left her, and  
all flew to the house, loudly chattering  
over the rescue of their comrade.

## Meaning of "Cœur d'Alene."

The meaning of the name which has  
been so prominently before the public  
because of the fearful proceedings of  
the mine strikers is, according to the  
Jesuit father, the heart of an awl—a  
saddler's or a shoemaker's awl; convey-  
ing the idea that the Indians, to whom  
the name was applied—had hearts as  
small and as hard as the point of a steel  
awl, not susceptible of education or of  
religious teaching, refusing to have any  
dealings with other people—were cruel  
and unkind to all.

## The Slaughtering of Birds.

In one consignment recently a feather  
dealer in London received 8,000 birds of  
paradise, 350,000 birds of various kinds  
from the East Indies, and 400,000 hum-  
ming birds. In three months another  
dealer imported 350,000 birds from the  
East Indies.

## A Nice Scheme.

"Papa," said Jack, "you drop a ten-  
cent piece in my hand while my eyes  
are shut, and then I'll try to guess what  
it is. If I guess right, I get the ten  
cents."—Harper's Young People.

## PHANTOMS.

The hopes of cure held out in the adver-  
tisement of numerous remedies are more phan-  
toms, without the slightest shadow of reality  
about them. On the other hand, no statement  
has ever been made in behalf of Hester's  
Stomach Bitters that is not susceptible of  
ample substantiation. Care has ever been  
taken in laying its claims before the public  
to circumscribe those claims with the bounds  
of truth. Allegations outside of these form  
no blot on the record of this sterling, time-  
hooned remedy, given by the most respect-  
able evidence to be a remedy for and prevent-  
ive of malarial disease, rheumatism, kidney  
trouble, chronic diarrhoea and biliousness.  
It is an infallible new tonic, promotes con-  
science and invigorates the infirmities of age.  
Taken before retiring at night it is a promoter  
of a sleep.

There is a full page, half-tone engrav-  
ing of Hon. James C. Blaine in a "Life of  
Benjamin Harrison" which The Herald  
is offering free for new subscribers. Or-  
der at once.

## Physicians

frequently state: "We know that Port  
Wine is the best tonic for the weak,  
nervous and debilitated, and for such  
troubles as exhaustion, weakness, sleep-  
lessness, etc., there is no medicine to  
compare with it; yet, year after year, to  
prescribe it, for there are so many adul-  
terations on the market."

There is a brand called "Royal  
Ruby" Port Wine, so called for its  
royal taste and ruby color, it is pure  
and old and has that fruit taste that  
no other wine has. Druggists some-  
times urge that which they have in  
bulk; why? More profit of course.  
Royal Ruby port wine is guaranteed by  
the undersigned to be absolutely pure  
and over five years old, or money paid  
for it will be refunded. Quarts \$1.00;  
pints 60 cts. Sold and guaranteed by  
White & White, Thum Bros. and  
Schmidt, leading druggists. Bottled by  
Royal Wine Co., Chicago.

## Very Much Surprised.

I have been afflicted with neuralgia  
for nearly two years, have tried phys-  
icians and all known remedies, but found  
no permanent relief until I tried a bot-  
tle of Dullam's Great German Lim-  
iment and it gave me instant and per-  
manent relief. 25 cents per bottle.  
Signed, A. R. SWELL,  
Hamilton, Mich., April 11, 1891.  
For sale at D. C. Scribner's drug store.

## A Contractor's Advice.

Dullam's German Medicine company  
Gentlemen—I take great pleasure in  
testifying in behalf of Dullam's Great  
German Blood, Liver, Stomach and  
Kidney Cure. I can safely say that I  
never took such medicine as that  
cleanses the liver, stomach and kidneys.  
I was suffering for years with bilious-  
ness, indigestion and loss of appetite  
and sleep. One bottle did for me  
more good than six months' other  
treatment, and I feel it my duty to  
testify in its behalf so others may try it  
and get cured. Your truly,  
WARREN E. RUSSELL,  
Contractor and Builder,  
Flint, Mich.

## A Positive Fact.

Ladies, do not delay your valuable  
time by waiting and suffering, but se-  
cure a bottle of Dullam's Great Ger-  
man Female Uterine Tonic and be  
cured of your monthly trouble either  
in old or young. It is the very best  
preparation I ever prescribed in my ex-  
tensive practice. It has given the best  
results in the greatest number of cases  
of female troubles of any medicine  
that I ever used. I do not make a  
practice of using or recommending  
patent medicines, but this remedy is  
prepared by a very competent phys-  
ician and chemist of my acquaintance  
and I can cheerfully and consci-  
ously recommend it as the best.

A. C. FURTT, D.  
Specialist of Diseases of Women,  
90 East Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

## A Duty to Yourself.

It is surprising that people will use a  
common, ordinary pill when they can  
secure a valuable English one for the  
same money. Dr. Acker's English pills  
are a positive cure for sick-headache  
and all liver troubles. They are small,  
sweet, easily taken, and do not gripe.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil  
for cramp and colds, and declare it a  
positive cure. Contributed by William  
Kay, 570 Plymouth avenue, Buffalo,  
N. Y.

Stated by J. B. Cochran, druggist,  
Lancaster, Pa.: Have guaranteed over  
400 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for  
dyspepsia, sour stomach, bilious at-  
tacks, liver and kidney trouble.

Some remarkable cures of deafness  
are recorded of Dr. Thomas' Electric  
Oil. Never fails to cure earache.

Fatal neglect is little short of suicide.  
The consequences of a neglected cough  
are too well known to need repeating.  
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures a  
cough promptly. Sold by all dealers  
on a guarantee of satisfaction.

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